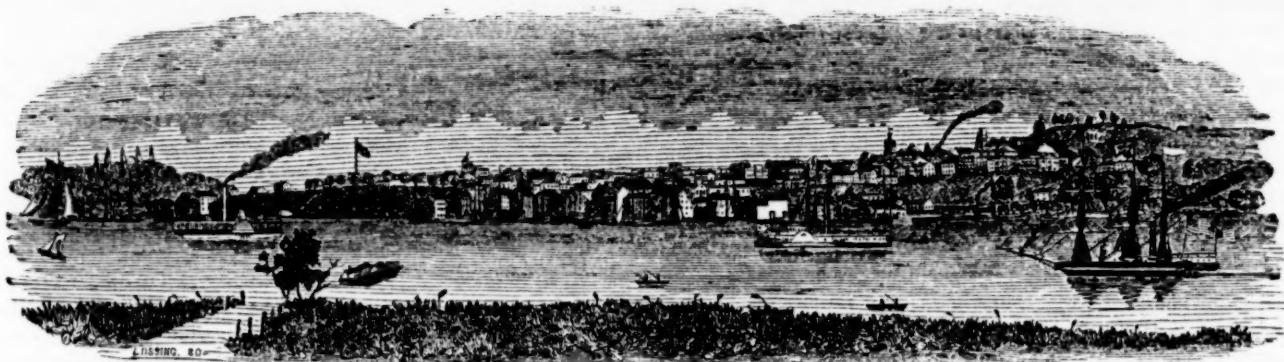


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1845.

NUMBER 21.



TALES.

GOOD SPIRITS AND BAD.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

WHEN I wrote the stories of which this is one of the series, in common with every other writer concerning Ireland, I had frequent occasion to notice the habitual intemperance of a people naturally excitable. This, more than all their other failings, rendered them liable to misrepresentation: "an Irishman drunk, and an Irishman sober," were two distinct beings; but the stranger had little time to enquire into the causes, when he witnessed the effects. And though many efforts had been made to change the bad spirit for the good—though Professor Edgar, in Belfast, the Rev. George Carr, in New Ross, and some excellent men in Cork, had made strenuous exertions to establish Temperance Societies, nothing, comparatively, had been done to influence the Roman Catholic population. What the Rev. Mr. Matthew has wrought—his untiring perseverance, his disinterested efforts for the regeneration of his countrymen, his labouring unceasingly

through evil report, which was at last, silenced by the overwhelming good that became apparent throughout the country—I need not here record. During the last two years, the difficulty has been, not to find an Irishman sober, but an Irishman intoxicated: the change is wonderful and must be seen to be believed. I trust the good may be permanent, and see every reason to think that such will be the case. A person who had not visited Ireland for some years, would not know the country again; indeed, I hardly knew the people myself, some of whom I used to lecture after my own fashion; and you may lecture Paddy for ever, without running the risk of an unpleasant answer: he is the most ready of all people in the world, to listen to advice—he will agree to the letter with you, in every thing you state. "Bedad, ma'am, I know that—I often thought so."—"Ah, then, see that now!—Sure it was always the way, and a cruel bad habit, leaving us worse than it found us, and that's no asy matter."—"Oh, indeed, it's as clear as print, and true as gospel!" but you did not carry your point a bit the sooner for all this acquiescence: the next day, the next hour, you might

have chanced to meet the same Paddy in the most senseless state of intoxication. Alas! it was very, very sad! How different now! Paddy's coat—though not according to English notions of comfort—is a wonderful improvement upon my old acquaintance; his eye is clear; the yellow palor of inebriety has given place to the colour of a healthy state of existence; and his step is firm, as of a man newly escaped from slavery. I have heard many, not conversant with the country, wonder that, in consequence of the spread of temperance, the children are not now all well clothed, and the cabins furnished. They ought to remember, that the pay of an Irish labourer, at *mōst*, is but six shillings a week; that what he drank formerly took the absolute *food*, the potato and milk, from his children, who now are able to have sufficient of this humble fare; but a much longer period must elapse before the little that can be spared, shows to the eye accustomed to the luxuries of a higher station:—a cup and saucer, a plate, a piggin, a new stool, a potato-basket—are valuable additions to the humble cottage, yet are hardly noticed by the casual visitor, who sees the misery that is, but forgets that which has been. It is not a little curious to observe, how opinions alter with the times. I remember, when it was considered a positive extravagance in the wife of even a decent tradesman to take a cup of tea; though the gentry who condemned her, would not hesitate to order her husband a glass of raw alcohol, when he brought home his work. Indeed, the habit of giving *the evil spirit* to every person who called on business, was, when I was a child, so common, that neglecting to do so was considered a breach of hospitality.

There was a very excellent person in Bannow—a woman whom I never think of but with pleasure; my grandmother used to employ her in her capacity of dress-maker and needle-woman, for I should think, pretty nearly six months out of the twelve. She plied her needle in my nursery; and I have sat for hours on my little chair, by her side, looking into her beautiful face, and listening, with intense pleasure, to the legends she used to tell, and the exquisite ballads she used to sing, with the most untiring patience, for my amusement. Poor Mrs. Bow! She little thought how she was storing my mind with the richest treasures. She had been nearly brought up in Graige House, and nothing could surpass her affection for all who dwelt within its walls. Her manners and mind were superior

to her station; and yet, strangely enough, she had married a man—a smith—a good and clever workman, as remarkable for personal ugliness, as she was for personal beauty; and in proportion as her temper was sweet, his was sour. But this was not all; Mr. Bow had a most decided affection for whisky, raw—or whisky-punch—it was never “too hot nor too heavy” for him; and if his temper was cranky when sober, it was worse than cranky when, after his hard day’s work, he issued from his forge a tipsy Vulcan, overthrowing, in his homeward progress, all who stood in his way. This was a heavy trial to his poor wife, who, in proportion as she was proud of her husband’s uprightness and integrity, so was she grieved at his fits of intoxication. “If,” she would exclaim—“if he would only take to the tea, I’d die happy.” Now Mrs. Bow had a dog, a very pretty black spaniel, called Diver—a creature of extraordinary sagacity, and one of the first, as well as firmest, advocates of Temperance: he might, had he lived long enough, been the favorite dog of Father Matthew, and been worthy of such a distinction. Diver hated “the bad spirit,” as his mistress always called whisky, with his entire heart. He would never accept a caress from a hand that had the odour thereof; and the sound of drunken revelry excited him to the bristling of hair, and gnashing of teeth. When his master returned home, in the full possession of his senses, Diver would manifest the greatest joy; but when he staggered into the room, Diver would retreat under a chair, gather his lips from off his white and glistening teeth, and look both distressed and angry. His master was perfectly aware of this, and did not fail to bestow on his wife’s favorite, sundry epithets of dislike and contempt. Now this antipathy to the smell of whisky could, perhaps be accounted for: the dog had, probably, been ill-used by persons under the influence of intoxication; but the remarkable part of his canine character was—his attachment to the teapot. Although every one declared “it was a shame for Mrs. Bow to take to the tea, every evening, like a lady, and her husband, honest man, content with nothing but a glass of whisky;” still, she persevered in the almost hopeless hope of winning her spouse to partake of the exhilarating, yet harmless, beverage; in this desire Diver apparently concurred. His mistress had only to show him the teapot to set him bounding and skipping about the room with delight; he would whirl round, wag his tail, and finally dart forward in search of his master, whom he would endeavor, by every possible means in his power, to induce to return with him. The smith well knew what he wanted; and, at last, took pleasure in displaying his sagacity to his neighbors, making them accompany him home, because then, indeed, the animal’s joy knew no bounds. To see his master and mistress seated at the tea-table, was the summit of his delight; he would stretch himself along the ground, and howl with pleasure. Poor Diver did not live long enough to witness the triumph of “teatotalism;” but he succeeded in making his master fond of tea. I hope this anecdote of the first “teatotalers” of my acquaintance, will not be considered “out of place.” Happily, those who sneered at the impossibility of Irishmen becoming sober members of society, are convinced that Irish perseverance is worthy of respect, not ridicule. The marvel to me is, not that some few have broken “the pledge,” but that so many have kept it. It must be remembered, that it was the Irishman’s sole luxury.

“Surely it is my father and mother,
My Sunday coat—I have no other;”

was the “refrain” of one of the many songs he had heard from his youth up. “His father liked a drop, honest man, and took it off and on, and sure if it did harm, it was to no one but himself,” was what he had often heard. His uncles were fine free hearted fellows, that, “shared a drop with their neighbours.” His cousins “took their glass like men.” “The piper never played up hearty, till he had his eye glazed with the whisky.” “The priest was a fine man, entirely, after his reverence had the second tumbler.” His landlord, the next object of his veneration, “was fond of his hot tumbler, and always a good hand to order it to a poor man wet or dry.” No entertainment was given without whisky, no bargain concluded until the libation to the evil spirit was poured forth: no account was ever taken of the horrors produced by intoxication. “Ah, sure, he couldn’t help it—he wasn’t himself when he struck the blow—bad luck to it for whisky, it does a deal of harm; but *what can a poor man do!*—sure it’s the only comfort he has—the only thing that puts the trouble past him; it takes the feel of sorrow from his heart, and the sight of starvation from before his eyes.”

And yet—the Irishman has had the moral courage to relinquish, and the moral firmness to adhere to the determination of giving up, as I have said, his *only luxury*—and that, without any of the complaining we, of a better class, should make if we abandoned one of the scores that we indulge in.

I look upon this triumph with great admiration. It is impossible not to respect those who make great sacrifices from a desire to do right; and I am sure what has been effected, in the way of self-denial, by the Irish, in this matter, proves, that they have not only energy, but perseverance, for any thing they undertake.—*This* fact should be borne in mind by all whose duty and interest it is, to see that such fine qualities are *well directed*.

I must illustrate my text of “Good Spirits and Bad,” by one or two stories:—

“What I’m thinking of, Nelly, darlin’,”—said Roney Maher to his poor pale wife—“what I’m thinking of is—what a pity we were not bred and born in this Temperance Society, for then we could follow it, you know, as a thing of course, without any trouble!”

“But—”

“Whisht, Nelly, you’ve one great fault, avourneen—you’re always talking, dear, and won’t listen to me. What I was saying is, that, if we were brought up to the coffee, instead of the whisky, we’d have been natural members of the Temperance Society: as it is now, agraah why it’s meat, drink, and clothing, as a man may say!”

He paused, and Nelly thought—though, in his present state, she had too much tenderness to tell her husband so—that whisky was a very bad paymaster.

“You’re no judge, Ellen,” he continued, interpreting her thoughts, “for you never took to it; and, if I had my time to begin over again, I never would either; but it’s too late to change now—all too late!”

“I’ve heard many a wise man say, that it’s *never too late* to mend,” observed Ellen.

“Yah!” he exclaimed, almost fiercely—“who ever said that was a fool!”

“It was the priest himself, then, Roney, never a one else; and sure you wouldn’t call him that!”

“If I did mend,” he observed, “no one would take my word for it.”

“Ay, dear—but deeds, not words;” and, having said more than was usual for her, in the way of reproof, Ellen retreated to watch its effect.

Roney Maher was a fine, likely boy, when he married Ellen; but when this little dialogue took place, he was sitting over the embers of a turf fire, a pale, emaciated man, though in the prime of life, with a torn handkerchief bound round his temples, and his favourite shillalah, that he had greased and seasoned in the chimney, and tended, *with more care than his children*, lay broken by his side. He attempted to snatch it up while his wife retreated, but his arm fell powerless, and he uttered a groan so full of pain, that, in a moment, she returned, and, with tearful eyes, inquired “if it was so bad with him entirely as that?”

“It’s worse,” he answered, while the large drops that stood upon his brow, proved how much he suffered.

“It’s worse—the arm I mean—than I thought; I’m *done* for a week, or, may-be, a fortnight—and, Nelly, the pain of my arm is nothing to the weight about my heart—now, don’t be talking, for I can’t stand it. If I *can’t* work next week, nor this, and we without money or credit—what—what?” The unfortunate man glanced at his wife and children, he could not finish the sentence. He had only returned, the previous night, from having “been out upon a spree,” as it is called; spending his money, wasting his health, losing his employment—not thinking of those innocent children whom God had given him to protect; and only returning to the abode, which his propensity had rendered one of squalid wretchedness, because he had been disabled in a disgraceful riot.

When sober, Roney’s impulses were all good; but he was as easily, perhaps more easily, led away by the bad than the good; in the present instance, he continued talking, because he dared not think, and it is a fearful thing for a man to dread his own thoughts. It was a painful picture, to look upon this well-educated man—he *had* been an excellent tradesman—he *had* been respected—he *had* been comfortable; he felt lost, degraded, in pain, in sorrow, and yet he would not confess it. Once or twice he attempted to sing snatches of those foolish or bad songs, which entice to intoxication, but the words “stuck in his throat;” in truth, he was too ill, either to think or act—ashamed of the past, yet endeavouring, in vain, to convince himself, that he had no right to be ashamed.

It was evening; the children crept round the fire, where their mother endeavored to heat a half-a-dozen cold potatoes for their supper—looking, with hungry eyes, upon the scanty feast. “Daddy’s too bad entirely to eat to-night,” whispered the second boy to his eldest brother, while his little thin blue lips trembled, half with cold, half with hunger; “and so we’ll have his share as well as our own!” and the little shivering group devoured the potatoes, in imagination, over and over again—poking them with their lean fingers, and telling their “mammy” they were *hot* enough;—shocking that want should have taught them to calculate on their parent’s illness as a source of rejoicing?

“Nelly,” said her husband, at last—“Nelly, I wish I had a drop of something to warm me.”

“Mrs. Kinsalla said she would give me a bowl of strong coffee for you—if you would take it.”

What drunkard does not blaspheme?

Roney swore; and, though his lips were parched

with fever, and his head throbbed, declared he must have just "one little thimble-full to raise his heart." It was in vain that Ellen remonstrated and entreated. He did not attempt violence, but he obliged his eldest boy to beg the "thimble-full;" and, before morning, the wretched man was tossing about in all the heat and irritation of decided fever. One must have witnessed what fever is, when accompanied by such misery, to understand its terrors. It was wonderful how he was supported through it—indeed, his ravings, when, after a long, dreary time, the fever subsided, were more torturing to poor Nelly, than the working of his delirium had been.

"If," he would exclaim—"if it wasn't *too late*, I'd take the pledge they talk about, the first minute I rise my head from the straw; but where's the good of it now?—what can I save now?—nothing—it's *too late*!"

"It's never too late," Ellen would whisper. "It's never too late," she would repeat; and, as if it were a mocking echo, her husband's voice would sigh—"Too late!—too late!"

Indeed, and who looked upon the fearful wreck of what had been the fine, manly form of Roney Maher—stretched upon a bed of straw, with hardly any covering—saw his two rooms, now utterly destitute of every article of furniture—heard his children begging in the streets for a morsel of food—and observed how the utmost industry of his poor wife could hardly keep the rags together that shrouded her bent form—any one almost, who saw these things, would be inclined to repeat the words, which have, unfortunately, but too often knelled over the grave of good feelings and good intentions—"Too late!—too late!" Many would have imagined that not only had the demon habit, which had gained so frightful an ascendancy over the poor Roney, banished all chance of reformation, but that there was no escape from such intense poverty.—I wish, with all my heart, that such persons would, instead of sitting down with so helpless and dangerous a companion as despair, resolve upon two things: first of all, to trust in, and pray to God; secondly, to combat what they foolishly call fate—to fight bravely, and in a good cause; and sure am I, that those who do, will sooner or later, achieve a victory!

It is never too late to abandon a bad habit, and adopt a good one. In every town of Ireland, Temperance has now its members, and these members are so thoroughly acquainted with the blessings of this admirable system, from feeling its advantages, that they are full of zeal in the cause, and, with true Irish generosity, eager to enlist their friends and neighbours—that they, too, may partake of the comforts which spring from Temperance. The Irishman is not selfish: he is as ready to share his cup of coffee, as he used to be to share his glass of whisky.

One of these generous members was the Mrs. Kinsalla, whose offer of the bowl of coffee had been rejected by Roney the night his fever commenced: she was herself a poor widow, or, according to the touch and expressive phrasology of Ireland, "a lone woman;" and, though she had so little to bestow, that many would call it nothing, she gave it with that good will which rendered it "twice blest:" then she stirred up others to give; and often had she kept watch with her wretched neighbor—Ellen, never omitting those words of gentle kindness and instruction, which, perhaps, at the time, may seem to have been spoken in vain; but not so: for we must bear in mind, that even in the

good ground, the seed will not spring the moment it is sown. Those who would effect a great moral revolution, must have patience: those who, in their families, seek to reform a beloved object whom they love, despite his or her errors; or to reclaim a backslider, and teach that the ways of peace are the ways of loving-kindness and religion, must have patience; they must be assured that it is *never too late*, as all do think, whose trust in God is founded in the belief of His mercy and forgiveness.

Roney had been an industrious, and a good workman, once; and Mrs. Kinsalla had often thought, before the establishment of the Temperance Society, what a blessing it would be, if there were any means of making him an "affidavit man;" but, as she said, "there were so many ways of avoiding an oath, when a man's heart was set to break it, not to keep it, that she could hardly tell what to say about it."

[Concluded in our next.]

For the Rural Repository.

WILD MARY, OR THE MANIAC BRIDE; A Legend of Ghost Swamp, Wisconsin.

BY J. GODFREY SHOEMAKER.

In the vicinity of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, there is a dismal swamp, for a long time inhabited by an unknown woman and child.—*Buffalo Newspaper.*

CHAPTER I.

It was a dark and gloomy night, in the month of November, the stars looking bleak in the firmament, and the north wind whistling shrill and loud, that young Lieutenant Hamilton, took the arm of a weather beaten son of the forest, to visit Ghost Swamp, which had so long been the dwelling place of Susan Ellenwood and her maniac mother.

They wended their way through the curved and difficult trail of the red man, till the croaking toad and hooting owl, told them of their approach to Swamp Chippecherhums—more commonly called Ghost Swamp, by the settlers, on account of strange sounds and horrid apparitions that had been seen in and about its vicinity.

"Listen," said the old man, "hear the monotonous reverie; it is the lamenting wail of the inhabitants of Ghost Swamp, at the sudden departure of their Governess and infant." By this time they had entered a dark ravine that leads into the interior of this haunted ground. All before was dark, the surrounding forest was dense and impervious.

"Had we better proceed farther," ejaculated the young Lieutenant, as he heard the rustling of the under-brush about him; conjuring in his imagination, the venom-spitting serpent, or the prowling panther; for it was as dark as Erebus, and the advancing of one step seemed precarious and full of danger.

"We shall now return," exclaimed the old man, hearing the remark of his friend, who was some few paces in the rear. "It was my intention to show you Ghost Swamp, of which you have heard so much lately, you now see it. It is impossible to venture farther without jeopardizing our lives. You hear the rustling about you. It is occasioned by a breeze which sports continually around a poisonous spring.

"This was," he continued, "the home of Long Chief and his two daughters, of the tribe of six nations, in Virginia. After the revolution—here he lived and died. There is a traditionary tale among the Indians that this spring is his spirit, and its unerring fatality, his hatred to the white man;

which arose from their barbarous treatment to his brothers and himself, and caused him to take up his abiding places, in, this most cold and uncongenial climate of Wisconsin. These mysterious developments rendered Ghost Swamp and its poisonous spring the terrific story of the day. It was uninhabited till the fall of 1830, when a woman and her child came from the eastward, and without the knowledge, of the inhabitants, penetrated its denseness, and took possession of the tenantless and roofless hovel once occupied by Long Chief and his two daughters.

"This woman's singular conduct aroused the anxiety of the settlers for her welfare; and they immediately repaired to aid the mysterious stranger, who came unprotected to their village; but before the assistance could be of any benefit, she was far from the spot where the villagers dare tread with safety. 'She must be a maniac!' 'Poor woman!' 'Heaven protect her!' 'Oh that horrible spring!' and other piteous lamentations were uttered by the good people. For a long time the state of the Territory was much excited. Who she was, and from what country she came was unknown, and all attempts to rescue her were unavailable.

"One evening when the inhabitants, were congregated together devising means for her deliverance, and listening to the plaintive tones of her melodious voice ringing distinctly in sorrowful strains above the discordant sounds of this haunted swamp, their attention was diverted from the reverberating and enchanting echoes of the maniac's voice, by the singular deportment of a person, who with an imperturbable air of sadness, was calmly overlooking the scene, listening mournfully to the song of the maniac,

"On whose heart
Adversity had laid its icy hand!"

"It is she! it is she!" he exclaimed, "I have found her at last. Oh, dear Mary!" and he precipitated down the dark ravine of Ghost Swamp and disappeared. The consternation became obstreperous. "Who is he?" said one—"They are maniacs," said another. And "wandering lunatics," was finally the appellation received by the unhappy trio from the inhabitants of the Territory.

"After the fruitless attempts of the evening, nothing more was heard of the 'wandering lunatics.' Months rolled on without bringing any tidings of their whereabouts. The sweet voice of the female could no longer be heard to echo above the growling of the catamount or the panther, and the last words of the unhappy man as he plunged into the dark ravine still continued to ring in the ears of the settlers. It was concluded by all that they were dead, and innumerable speculations were mooted; such as burning the swamp, traversing it with lights, but like all other adventures of the kind, they existed only in talk and story."

CHAPTER II.

"I seek to shun, not hate mankind."—BYRON.

"A band of Trappers from Galena, who were in the habit of frequenting Ghost Swamp, for the purpose of catching the otters and bears which abounded there, dissipated their fears concerning the death of the woman and child, by relating the mysterious appearance of a woman, clad in bear skin, whom they would see about the suburbs of Ghost Swamp; at times, Minerva-like, armed with a bow and arrow, and at others with a fishing tackle, accompanied by a child, who when discovering them, would take flight like an affrighted dove, and disappear in the thicket of her dismal abiding place.

Sometime had elapsed since the unhappy woman had taken quarters in the unthatched dwelling of Long Chief. She lived the life of a recluse; her wearing apparel was scanty and uncomfortable, and her food raw and unpalatable; for never to the knowledge of the inhabitants had an eddying volume of smoke arose from the gloomy mire of Ghost Swamp.

"The tale of Wild Mary and her child, taking her name from the frenzied exclamation of the stranger, was emphatically the tale of the Territory. As surely as a settler came among them, so certain did he hear the story of Ghost Swamp and Wild Mary.

"In the spring of 1831 there came a mountaineer and family from the regions of New Hampshire, to squat on some government land, in the Territory. He was told the legend of the times, and with a hanging head, apparently much absorbed in thought, listened to the story—when they came to describe her dangerous situation, and the poisonous spring, he appeared much agitated and tears rushed unbidden to his eyes, as if his heart was melting within him at the consciousness of her imminent danger.

"His strange deportment did not alarm the inhabitants concerning him, or cause them to suspect him of being connected with the unfortunate woman and child; for they all had shed a tear o'er the fate of the inoffensive and hapless creature, dwelling in the midst of ravenous animals of prey.

"His conduct at last was deemed curious by persons with intellect framed with great precaution concerning the business of other men, and who generally see great enormities, where other persons find not even cause for suspicion; and at last the queer actions of the new comer was common parlance among the rum tipplers, whose gossiping propensities had lead them to imagine, and finally to believe, to an unerring certainty, that the mountaineer from New Hampshire, was in some way connected with the mysterious inhabitants of the home of Long Chief.

"Some said he was seen prowling at night about the outskirts of Ghost Swamp with lights, others that the cracking of his rifle had been often heard in and about it, and the neglect of his own business confirmed the people in the vicinity in the belief that there was a connection in some manner between him and the wandering lunatics.

"Your corn should be planted neighbour," was the kind advice of one.

"You should plough more of your land," was that of another.

"But in a friendly manner he assured them it should be attended to in due time, though never doing it, and constantly roving around the borders of Ghost Swamp. Thus he went on from spring to fall, and from fall to winter, neglecting his farm and stock, and was always found wandering about the haunted ground of the Territory.

"One cold day in the month of February, towards evening, just when the sun was sinking behind the azure topped trees of the forest, the cry of a child and the scream of a female drew the attention of the quiet villagers of Milwaukie.

"The tall mountaineer was seen running with the rapidity of a bounding roe, grasping firmly in his brawny arms a naked child. Screaming with fright and close in pursuit, was a woman clad in bear skin with her hair streaming in the wind,

frantically imploring the bystanders to recapture her only child. Loud rang her voice and earnestly she pleaded to them the gross inhumanity of the squatter, to take from her the solace of her life, her comfort in the wilderness, her only babe. They soon reached the cabin of the mountaineer, where he halted with the child, and invited her to partake of its hospitalities. She understood his artifice, and remained unmoved by his protestations of friendship, and in a commanding voice, very dispassionately asked for her child. He refused. She gave her babe one lingering look and turned her eyes to heaven, expressing in her attitude confidence in that God who promises to be the widow's and orphan's friend, bounded through the villagers, and disappeared in the dark ravine that leads to Ghost Swamp.

CHAPTER III.

"Soft as the memory of buried love—
Pure as the prayer that childhood wafts above."—ANON.

"The excitement in the village was tumultuous. They had seen the maniac woman and her child, and a thousand tongues were busy relating the mysterious transactions of the squatter since he had been among them. Some conceiving him endowed with powers supernatural, and others conjecturing him the father of the unhappy woman, whose fate he so much lamented, on first hearing the short history of her life, while she contentedly remained the lone inhabitant of a spot that had diverted his attention from his farm since he had been in the Territory. His athletic tread, the child's screaming and the maniac mother's cries and appearance were the engrossing topics of conversation. She had been the wonder of the inhabitants as long as she had lived in the dismal forest of Long Chief, but the capture of her child by the mountaineer and her sudden debut in the village was a new mystery.

"After the excitement had subsided, the mountaineer was visited by some of his charitable neighbors, who came to ascertain the reason of his not appearing in the village. He was found sitting in his humble dwelling surrounded by his family, carressing the infant whose terrific screams had so alarmed the inhabitants but a short time before. After receiving his friends with his usual kindness and bidding them welcome to his cot, he narrated to them the following history of the life of Mary Ellenwood, which gave ample satisfaction for his nightly visits to the haunted boundaries of Ghost Swamp.

"I knew Mary Ellenwood when a child," said he, "her father was a brother mountaineer on the rugged white hills of New Hampshire. I saw her fourteen years ago in the bloom of childhood, innocent and lovely as the fawn, but now how changed. From the beautiful child and the pride of the White Mountains, she is a disconsolate and broken-hearted maniac. This is her child," continued the old man, "it shall never leave me. I see in it the joyous spirit of her mother, as when she used to frolic with the children on the school-yard green among the mountains of my native State.

"Mary Ellenwood when, a girl of sixteen was affianced to a young officer of the navy, who had been reared in the same village, and a son of one of the oldest inhabitants of the Granite State. Mary's love had been sought by many, for indeed she was a charming girl, but by all in vain, for the one to whom she had promised her hand in marriage was expected soon to arrive. But how frail are sublimary things! Suddenly our beautiful village was

shrouded in mourning; a letter had arrived bringing to them the sad news of the death of Lieut. J—, who died in the harbor of Rio Janeiro, on board of the line ship, North Carolina, with the yellow fever. The whole circle of his former acquaintances appeared deeply afflicted, for he was a frank, open-hearted and generous youth. The old man was bowed down with sorrow. Mary Ellenwood wept bitterly and frantically at the unexpected dispensation of Providence. She was in her eighteenth year bright and beautiful as the rose, with a radiant future before her, now all was gone. He whom she most loved on earth had been taken from her, and she wandered lonely and broken hearted, praying to God that she might die.

"Two years after the sudden death of the young Lieut. the features of Mary Ellenwood began to assume a more lively aspect—her mourning habiliments were cast off, and she, who had so long been a dormant member of society, was now once more the reigning belle of the mountains.

"In a romantic part of the state, there lived a young merchant of respectable parentage, who had been enamored with Mary Ellenwood for a long time and whose affections they thought were reciprocated by her, which accounted for her gaiety and change of appearance.

"It was a bright Sunday morning in May when the church bell was reverberating its peals of devotion through valley and glen, calling together the chosen of God, to return thanks for the blessings he had so bountifully bestowed upon them during the past week, that Mary Ellenwood was seen to alight from the carriage of the father of him, who had so often whispered to her, since the death of Lieut. J—, words of consolation, that seemed like sunshine to her darkened mind.

"Who can guess what that means?" was the Yankee exclamation upon the occasion; which query was soon solved by the announcement of the Pastor, that Mr. — and Miss Mary Ellenwood were to be joined in wedlock on the following Sabbath. What a change had come o'er the dreams of Mary Ellenwood. She who a short time since, was disconsolate and broken-hearted, was now an intended bride, about to kneel at the altar of that same God, to ask felicity in after life, of whom she had so often fervently implored to die. How true the words we know not for what to pray. She was married and removed to a remote village with her husband, where happiness seemed to crown their connubial joys.

"It was near two years, since Mary Ellenwood had become the bride of Mr. —, during which time their matrimonial tie were rendered inseparable by the birth of a young daughter, which they contemplated to have christened on thanksgiving day, in the old antique church in the delightful village of Mary's nativity, by the hand of the same Pastor that sprinkled the baptismal water on the head of her mother. She made great preparations to enjoy one more thanksgiving day at the house of her widowed Parent which would recall the scenes of her happy childhood, when she basked in the smiles of one whose memory would be ever dear to the associations of her guileless heart, and who died far away in a foreign clime, without a pitying hand to smooth the pillow of affliction, or a voice of sympathy, to whisper comfort and consolation. These were the meditations of Mary Ellenwood, as she kissed her babe and wrapped it warmly to her bosom

awaiting the arrival of the post coach to convey her and her husband to her mother's home on the neighbouring mountain.

"The night before thanksgiving in the village of C—, New Hampshire, God was blessed by the tiny voice of an old man in prayer, whose son had been reported to be dead but had now returned in the vigor of manhood. This was indeed a night to return thanks. The son and the old man knelt together, offering up the same prayer that had been taught the son by the mother and which they had all devoutly murmured with fervent hearts.

"The sudden appearance of Lieut. J— created much commotion in the village, and on the morn of thanksgiving, when the old church bell pealed forth its wonted notes of convocation, the old man was seen to lean on the arm of his long absent son, once more to visit, and perhaps for the last time, the church in which he had so often given thanks to that God who had thus far lengthened out his life. It was a bright morning and the services had not yet commenced; a young couple, Mary Ellenwood and her husband, stood beneath the altar receiving the blessing of the aged Pastor, who was about to dip his hands in the sacred bowl, in obedience to the law of him who shapes the ends of all humanity, to christen the babe that was held in the arms of its mother. As the young Lieut. and his aged father crossed the threshold of the door. The whole congregation looked amazed, Mary gave one shriek, as her eye caught the commanding form of Lieut. J—, and fled, her husband following her, and nothing has been heard of them' continued the mountaineer, 'until my arrival in this Territory, where I have found her a raving maniac, ascertained her husband's death and saved from the prey of the wild beasts this child that was so unceremoniously taken from the baptismal bowl.'

CHAPTER IV.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."—LONGFELLOW.

"The story of Ghost Swamp and its mysterious inhabitant was soon heard among the mountains of New Hampshire, and Lieut. J— who was then on furlow and spending a few days with his aged parent, took this opportunity by the request of his friend the squatter in Wisconsin, to visit Ghost Swamp and endeavor to have an interview with the once bright eyed and rosy checked Mary of the mountains, who was now a discontented maniac, living in an unthatched dwelling surrounded by a dismal forest.

"One night at an early hour the door of the squatter's cot was opened and a stranger entered, who introduced himself as Lieut. J— from New Hampshire. He was cordially received, and invited to partake of the homely repast which was spread before the squatter and his family. 'I am glad to see you' continued the squatter, 'after supper we will repair to Ghost Swamp, the abode of Mary Ellenwood,' Lieut. J— nodded in assent and sat down to enjoy the bounties of the plain repast. After satisfying the eager inquiries of his friend concerning the welfare of his relatives in New Hampshire, they repaired to Ghost Swamp with lights and rifles to catch if possible a glimpse of Mary Ellenwood.

"Here," said the squatter as they traversed around the borders of Ghost Swamp, 'this gloomy path have I trod nightly for the last eight months, it leads to the interior of this haunted ground, and

it is the only trail that will bring you to the roofless dwelling of Long Chief, now inhabited by Mary Ellenwood.' Soon they reached their place of destination. 'Take your stand by the door,' said the squatter, as he entered the dilapidated hovel, 'grasp her firmly, if she attempts to escape—speak to her calmly and call her by name, tell her it is you, and that she must feel no fear.'

"The young Lieut. took his position as he was bid by the squatter, and soon held in his arms the object of their pursuit, who on hearing his voice exclaimed, 'can this be real? can it be he whom I have seen in my dreams? is it he? Oh heaven! heaven!—I thought you dead!'—Such were the mournful ejaculations of Mary Ellenwood, as she was held in the arms of him, for whom she had worn the habiliments of mourning.

"The morning sun was just peeping above the hills of New Hampshire, when a covered carriage was seen to stop in front of the dwelling of Mr. J— and his son the Lieut. and an emaciated lady to enter the house. Who can she be? was the general inquiry of the villagers, till the same old Parson who had solved the mystery concerning the intimacy between Mary Ellenwood and Mr. —, announced who the emaciated stranger was by publishing that Lieut. J— and the long lost Mary Ellenwood would be married. At which announcement there was a solemn silence. The hearts of the congregation were filled with an awful anxiety. 'Where is her poor child—what has been her fate since she left this church so singularly—is her husband alive?' were the various thoughts that entered the minds of the people, but they were all dissipated by their having an interview with Mary Ellenwood, who informed them, of her husband's death, and of the fate of her child, who was living contentedly with the squatter, and that she had been since her departure from them the lonely inhabitant of GHOST SWAMP IN WISCONSIN."

BIOGRAPHY.



GILBERT BURNET.

GILBERT BURNET, the son of a Scotch lawyer, was born at Edinburgh, in 1643, and was educated at Aberdeen. After having travelled in Holland, and visited London, where he was made a fellow of the Royal Society, he took orders, and was presented to living of Saltoun. While he held this living, his honest zeal, in drawing up a memorial against the abuses committed by the Scottish bishops, excited the indignation of Archbishop Sharpe, who would fain have punished his boldness by depriving and excommunicating him. Between 1665 and 1673, Burnet was made professor of divinity at Glasgow, and chaplain in ordinary to the king; twice declined a Scottish bishopric; and wrote, among other productions, *Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton*, and a work, of which, no doubt, he soon repented, in defence of the regal preroga-

tives of the crown of Scotland. The court favor which he had thus gained, he, however, soon lost, by his opposition to popery, and he was struck out of the list of chaplains. Settling in London, he was appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and lecturer of St. Clement's, and became popular. His literary labours were indefatigably continued. The most important of these was the *History of the Reformation*, the first volume of which came forth in 1679. For this he received the thanks of both houses of parliament. His known hostility to the designs of the court, his having attended Lord Russel on the scaffold, and having preached, on the 5th of November, an obnoxious sermon, at length occasioned him to be deprived of his lectureship and the office of preacher at the Rolls. On the death of Charles, Burnet travelled through France, Italy, and Switzerland, and in 1687, settled at the Hague, where he was high in the confidence of the Prince of Orange, and assisted in forming the plans for the liberation, of his country. A prosecution for treason was set on foot against him at home, and James required the States to deliver him up. But Burnet had now married a Dutch lady of fortune, and the States refused to give up one who was thus become a naturalized subject. In 1688 he attended the Prince of Orange to England as chaplain; and, in the following year, was made bishop of Salisbury. A Pastoral Letter, which he addressed to the clergy of his diocese, asserting the right of William and Mary to the crown by conquest, excited the anger of parliament, and was burnt by the common executioner. In 1698 he was appointed preceptor to the duke of Gloucester; in 1704 he had the satisfaction of seeing carried into effect his scheme for the augmentation of small livings; and in March, 1714-15, he died, in his seventy-second year. He left a *History of his own Times*, which was published by his son Thomas Burnet. Burnet's character has been the theme of invective and ridicule to Tories; but he was an honest, benevolent, and pious man, and a sincere friend to the liberties of his country.

JOHN HART.

JOHN HART was the son of Edward Hart, of Hopewell, in the county of Hunterdon, in New Jersey. He inherited from his father a considerable estate, and having married, devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, and became a worthy and respectable farmer.

The reputation which he acquired for integrity, discrimination, and enlightened prudence, soon brought him into notice, and he was often chosen a member of the Colonial Assembly. Although one of the most gentle and unobtrusive of men, he could not suppress his abhorrence of the aggressions of the British ministry. He maintained a fearless and uniform opinion with regard to the rights of the colonies, and did not hesitate to express it when occasion invited him. On the meeting of the Congress of 1774, Mr. Hart appeared and took his seat; having been elected by a conference of committees from several parts of the colony. During several succeeding sessions, he continued to represent the people of New Jersey in the same assembly. When the question of a declaration of independence was brought forward, he was at his post, and voted for the measure with unusual zeal.

In 1776, New Jersey became the theatre of war, and Mr. Hart sustained severe losses, by the destruction of his property. His children were compelled to flee, his farm was pillaged, and great

exertions were made to secure him as a prisoner. For some time he was hunted with untiring perseverance. He was reduced to the most distressing shifts to elude his enemies; being often severely pressed by hunger, and destitute of a place of repose for the night. In one instance, he was obliged to conceal himself in the usual resting-place of a large dog, who was his companion for the time.

The battles of Trenton and Princeton led to the evacuation of New Jersey by the British. On this event, Mr. Hart, again collected his family around him, and began to repair the desolation of his farm. His constitution, however, had sustained a shock, which was irreparable. His health gradually failed him; and though he lived to see the prospects of his country brighten, he died before the conflict was so gloriously terminated. He expired in the year 1780. The best praise that can be awarded to Mr. Hart, is, that he was beloved by all who knew him. He was very liberal to the Baptist church of Hopewell, to which community he belonged; and his memory was hallowed by the esteem and regret of a large circle of friends.

MISCELLANY.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.

THE distinguished William Wirt, within six or eight months after his first marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly upon the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and he moved to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found with jolly and frolicsome spirits, in Bacchanalian revelry. His true friends expostulated with him, to convince him of the injury he was doing himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked upon him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married, with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble. After some months attentions, he asked her hand in marriage. She replied:

"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your intentions for sometime back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced for me. But I cannot yield my assent until you make me a pledge never to taste, touch, or handle any intoxicating drinks."

This reply to Mr. Wirt, was as unexpected as it was novel. His reply was that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all farther consideration of the subject, and left her. Her course to him was the same as ever—notwithstanding his resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks, he went and again solicited her hand. But her reply was, her mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the terms she proposed, as an insult to his honor, and vowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have.

He took to drinking worse and worse and seemed to run headlong to ruin.—One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog-shop, dead drunk, a young lady, who it is not necessary to name, was passing that way to her home, not far off, beheld him, his face upturned to the rays of a scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it, and

placed it over his face. After he had remained in this way for some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery or grog-shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, which he looked at, and the name that was on it. After pausing a few minutes he exclaimed:

"Great God! who left this with me? Who placed it on my face?" No one knew. He dropped the glass, exclaiming, "Enough, enough!"

He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst but not the debauch, the handkerchief, or the lady, vowing, if God gave him strength, never to touch, taste or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss G. again was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in the carriage or on foot, he would dodge the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note, under her own hand, inviting him to her house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her if she bore affection for him he would agree to her own terms. Her reply was:

"My conditions are now what they ever have been."

"Then," said the disenthralled Wirt, "I accept them."

They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened, while honors and glory gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame, while his deeds, his patriotism and renown, live after him with imperishable lustre.

How many noble minds might young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted Miss G. the friend of humanity, of her country, and the relative of Lafayette.—*Tem. Ad.*

FRONTIER ANECDOTE.

MAJOR —, who figured very conspicuously as a cool, collected and brave officer in the late war with the Sacs and Foxes, was engaged in many of those daring exploits which are so common to the sons of the frontier, and which were they more known, would place the actors "high on the roll of fame." Near the close of that ill-fated struggle of the Indians, he walked out from his camp, as usual, one morning, accompanied by a "fellow in arms." Having advanced some distance from the camp, they suddenly came in view of three Indians. They quickly drew their rifles to a level with their opponents—and the unerring aim and the keen eyes of the western hunters caused two of the three "sons of nature" to kiss their mother earth. Major —, dropping his rifle, made chase for the remaining Indian, who fired his rifle without effect. But a short distance was passed before the active officer had gripped with his red foe, and unfortunately lost his knife before he had to use it. The Indian, observing the approach of the Major's companion, made a desperate effort to floor his adversary; but his active opponent parried the trip and threw him. Still, neither could use the knife, for the Indian locked himself so close with the Major that he buried his teeth in him as they were falling.

At this moment the Major's companion came up with his two scalps.

"Tom," says the Major, "have you got a knife?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"Then cut this red devil's throat."

"Oh, no Major," says Tom, "give the fellow fair play—some chance for his life."

"You rascal," was the angry reply, "cut his throat quickly; don't you see he is biting me."

"Well Major, bite him too: two on one aint fair; but if he masters you, I'll give him a round afterwards."

"You infernal villain, if you do not cut his throat in one minute, I'll cut your's."

But it was not until these threatenings were repeated over and over again, that Tom would consent to do this act for his commander, which he finally did with a very sullen air as if it was a great piece of imposition to his enemy. He very leisurely drew his knife across the Indian's throat, and as leisurely wiped it, and consigned it to its proper place, muttering all the while against his officer, who no doubt, carried him through a regular course of drilling afterwards and impressed upon his mind the necessity of quickly obeying an order.

"WE'RE ALL COWARDS IN THE DARK."

A MEDICAL friend of ours who, some years since, visited Paris under circumstances most favorable to an *entree* to a most interesting circle—that of the survivors and *ci-devant* supporters of the "Empire," tells a capital story, as he heard it related by the celebrated General Exelmans, one of Napoleon's *paladins*. It was at a dinner party, composed of some of the survivors of Waterloo, a few of their younger relatives and the scion of an ex-king, on a visit from his home in America, and to whom our friend owed his introduction to the circle. Some question arose about bravery, when the younger members of the company were electrified to hear the venerable and heroic Exelmans gravely and seriously declare, that *men are all cowards in the dark!* The general smiled at their expressions of dissent, remarked that it was "very much like youth," and proceeded to tell the following anecdote in support of his strange declaration.

There was a young hot-head in the Emperor's service, who, burning for action, and his duties for the time affording no opportunity, at last resolved to fight a duel, and, accordingly, choosing to construe some remark or other of an older and superior officer into an insult, challenged him.—The old soldier waving all considerations of rank, agreed to meet the young man, but on the following unusual terms. The time should be night, the place a room, in opposite corners of which they were to stand. The seconds having placed their men, were to withdraw outside of the door, *taking the candles with them*. The word should be given from without, when he who had the first fire should discharge his weapon, and the seconds bearing the light should immediately rush in!

These strange conditions were accepted, the time arrived, and the seconds placed the parties as agreed upon; withdrawing immediately, and leaving their men in the dark. The word was given, the fire was heard, the door was re-opened, and there stood the elder of the two, bolt upright in the corner, his adversary's ball having entered the wall so close to his head that the escape seemed little less than miraculous!

It was now the old soldier's turn to fire; they were again left in the dark, the word was again given from the outside, and, instantaneously with the discharge, the seconds rushed in to find the challenger prostrate upon the floor—not having yet recovered from his trick to avoid the ball which, on examination, it was found must have killed him.

The young man was covered with confusion, and the seconds were overwhelming him with the expression of their scorn, when the veteran stopped them.

"Not so fast, my young friends," said he, "you will grow wiser. Where do you suppose I was at the first fire? On my hands and knees in the corner, but *ma foi!* I was up quicker than he! *Pardieu, Monsieurs we are all cowards in the dark!*"

It was afterwards whispered to our friend, that the story was an actual fact, and that the elder of the parties was no other than the brave warrior Excehmans, himself.

THE TOLLMAN'S FAMILY.

A TRUE STORY.

In the town of Dessau, in Germany, was a long, wide bridge over the river Elbe. The ends of the bridge were much lower than the middle. The tollman's house was placed upon the highest part of it, in the centre. In the spring of the year, when the ice is breaking up, there arose a great storm, and the river, with the broken pieces of ice, came roaring down so violently that the ends of the bridge were soon carried away, and nothing was left but the middle arch of the bridge, with the tollman's house upon it, which looked as if it were upon a little island, in the middle of the river. The force of the river was so great that it was impossible that this arch should stand long, and the poor toll-man feared that his house would soon be carried away by the wave, and his wife and children all drowned. There was a great many people on the banks, pitying the poor man's fate, and he and his wife and children screamed to them for help; but the storm was heavy, and the ice made it dangerous, and they were all too cowardly to go out in a boat to try to save the poor family from drowning. Among them was a rich count, who held up a large purse of gold, and offered it to any one who would go and save the toll man and his wife and children: but no one would risk his life for money. At last a poor man came along in a wagon, and as soon as he saw the danger the poor people were in, he set off in a little boat and never minded the storm. He got safely to the toll house—but had to go three times before he got away the whole family. Just as he was landing the last load the arch gave way, and the house was carried down the river. The poor father, and mother, and their children were too happy to speak, when they found they were safe.

The count then offered the poor man who saved them the purse of gold. "No," he said "my life was worth more than money, and I do not wish to be paid for doing right." The count urged him to take it; he still refused it for himself, but said to the count, "I wish you would give it to the poor toll man, who has lost all his clothes and furniture, and who has so many little children to feed."

THE DEACON FOR ME.

"PAPA," said one of the boys to the deacon. "I had a funny dream last night." "Well Tommy, what was your dream?" "I dreamed the devil came into your store." "The devil?" "Yes Pa, the devil!—that he found you drawing a glass of gin for poor Ambre Jams, who had fits, and broke a little baby's arm the other day, because she cried when he came home drunk. And I thought the devil came up to the counter, and laid the end of his tail on the chair, and leaned over the barrel where you were stooping to draw it, and asked you if you was a deacon. And I thought you didn't look up, but said you was, and he grinned and shook his tail like a cat, that has a rat, and says he to me—that's the deacon for me!" and

run out of the shop laughing so loud that I put my fingers in my ears and woke up."

The deacon quit the traffic and joined the Washingtonian Temperance Society.

FORTITUDE.

FORTITUDE, gentlemen, fortitude. Faint not—lag not—keep up your courage and go on. Give up to-day, because a lion is in your path, and the veriest bugbear will scare you to death to-morrow. Death has swept away every friend you had—not one is left to weep with you. Have fortitude. Another will find you surrounded by those who love you. The sea has buried your treasure—the fire has devoured your dwellings. Fortitude—and you will secure your property again. Your bosom companions have proved treacherous—they heap vile abuse upon your name—to the winds of heaven they spread your faults and follies. Have courage and the slanders will die away. A twelve month hence, and the graves of all of them will be dust. You are out of business; sick and destitute with none to speak an encouraging word. Have fortitude—bear up manfully, and your sorrows and pains and anxieties will disappear. Fight hard against depressed spirits, are dull, melancholy thoughts and forebodings:

"In struggling with misfortunes
Lies the proof of virtue."

says Shakespeare—and so we will find it. You had better die than lose your good spirits; for while you live you will be but a dunce, and a bone for every lubber to pick at. The very brutes will shun you, or stop to give you a bite as you pass along.—*Portland Tribune.*

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

A YOUNG man at a social party, was urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell a story and then if they still persisted in their demand he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy he said he took lessons in singing, and one Sunday morning, he went up into his father's garret to practice alone by himself. While in full play he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman.

"This is pretty conduct," said the father, "pretty employment for the son of pious parents to be sawing boards on Sunday morning, loud enough to be heard by all of the neighbors. Sit down and take your book."

The young man was excused from singing the proposed song.

PIOUS POLICY.

A COBBLER and his wife having removed from the country to Cincinnati, were overheard holding the following conversation together upon religious expediency, "now they had got to Cincinnati."

Husband.—"Since we've got here to live, it's necessary we should join ourselves to some church, cause 'twill bring in custom—*ye know!* Which sect will be the most advantageous to us, in that respect? The great folks won't want much work in our line. The denomination where there is the greatest number of common, poor people, like ourselves, will best answer our purpose, now, for my part, I think the Methodist church is the one—they are wonderful plain sort'r christians?"

Wife.—"Now, husband, I think the Baptist people are more kind'r like our sort of folks, them 'ere what'll deal with us. I think we'd better join there."

Husband.—"I wish we could manage and contrive so as to get the custom of *both* these numerous classes. I'm sure they're the people for us, we must be *mighty serious!*"

Wife.—"Husband I'll tell ye—you join the Methodists, and I'll join the Baptists. So as you bring custom from them 'ere, I'll bring work from 'others: then we'll have two strings to our bow, ye know—there can be no harm in't. Try and keep it *sly—shine dark!*"

Husband.—"Well said—that's the plan—give me you what contrives. So I'll soon have cobbling enough to engage a jour."

MEN are often treated like barrels—the empty ones stood up and the full ones laid down.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. K. Englewood, O. \$1.00; B. D. Napoleon, Mich. \$1.00; I. D. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss E. H. Williams, Vt. \$1.00; P. A. K. Salem, N. C. \$1.00; A. B. M. Manchester, Vt. \$0.50.



BOUND

In Hymen's silken bands.



In this city, on the 27th ult. at the Hudson House, by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. William H. Burghardt, to Miss Mary Jane Charey, both of Curtisville, Mass.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Patrick Wheeler, to Margaret Campbell, both of Stockport.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. E. S. Porter, Mr. Martin Esselstyne, of Claverack, to Miss Cynthia, daughter of Christopher Garner, Esq. of Ghent.

In Catskill, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. David Murdock, Mr. John Horton, of Montgomery, Orange Co. to Miss Mary C. daughter of Joseph B. Lynes, Esq. of Catskill.

At Livingston, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. J. D. Fonda, Mr. Jonathan J. Race, to Miss Rosanna Darling.

In New-York, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Law, Charles H. Wood, to Frances Willis, both of New-York.

In Mellenville, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Himrod, Mr. Benjamin Houck, of Taghkanic, to Miss Lydia Decker, of Copake.



LOOSED

From the letters of Earth.



In this city, on the 2d inst. Elizabeth McArthur, mother of Charles McArthur, Esq. aged 71 years.

Drowned, from near the Ferry stairs in this city, on Monday the 26th ult. Thomas P. son of Philip K. Burger, in the 8th year of his age.

On the 25th ult. Jacob W. Best, son of Jacob Best, aged 2 years, 11 months.

In Troy, on the morning of the 18th ult. Elihu Orvis, Esq. a Warden of St. John's Church, in the 57th year of his age.

At Prairie du Chien, April 23d, 1845, Bostwick O. Miller, M. D.

In the sudden and unexpected death of Dr. Miller, the community has received a shock, such as it is seldom called upon to sustain—a loss which can never be repaired; and the memory of which, it will take long years to efface. Eminent endowment with all those generous and social qualities which endear man to his fellow man, none knew him but to love, none name him but to praise.

To a high order of professional talent and ability, he joined a tenderness of feeling and a gentleness of manner, which few even of the care worn inmates of the sick chamber, could ever resist. It was here that the lamp of his generous nature shone forth with its purest lustre. To all, he was the obliging neighbor—the kind friend—the social companion—to the sick he was more—the wise and attentive Physician—the patient nurse—the ready adviser—the warm hearted, sympathizing brother; and the atmosphere of these virtues, penetrated equally the mansions of the rich and prosperous, and the lowly abodes of the unfortunate poor. In humble imitation of the great "healer of woes," his calling was to all and for all.

His death was sudden and unexpected, but it will afford a mournful satisfaction to his bereaved family and friends, to know that his last hours were passed without pain, surrounded by a community of attached friends, whose unremitting exertions ensured every possible alleviation to his situation, and effort for his recovery. No one better deserved friends—no one possessed them more generally—or those more devoted.

The funeral obsequies, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, were most numerous attended. The Masonic Lodge, of which Dr. Miller was a member, with that promptitude of "brotherly love" which is the characteristic of the order, were unremitting in their attentions while life remained, and attended his remains to their final resting place, with all the solemn pomp and testimonials of respect, known to the craft.

May he rest in eternal peace, and his loss speak to all!

"As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears,
Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
Descends in silence—while around waves on,
The mighty forest—reckless what is gone—
Such is man's doom! and ere an hour be flown,
Start not then, trifler! such may be thine own!"

Prairie du Chien, May 3, 1845.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

I LOVE TO WANDER FORTH AT EVE.

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

I LOVE to wander forth at eve,
Just as the radiant orb of day
Sits quietly behind the hills,
And gently, slowly, sinks away;
And as he fades away from sight,
His onward course he still pursues;
O'er distant worlds he goes to shed
His radiant beams and golden hues.

I love to wander forth at eve,
To breathe the fresh and balmy air—
To hold communion with my heart,
And learn what lies embosomed there.
Delightful 'tis to rove alone,
When night is drawing on apace—
When Nature wears her gayest dress
Of green, with ease and queen-like grace.

I love to scan her beauties then,
Her varied features then to trace
As twilight's veil is o'er her spread
Which screens her from my longing gaze.
All then is quiet, calm and still,
The flowers while being lulled to sleep,
Pour forth a breath of incense, and
The stars o'erhead strict vigils keep.

I love to skim the silvery lake,
Alone at sunset's quiet hour,
And there let thought and feeling rule
My willing heart, with sovereign power
Whilst far I gaze into the dark,
Untrodden depths, that lie adown
Beyond the sight of man, and where
Dame Silence wears a murky frown.

I love to feel the gentle breath
Of Heaven to fan my heated frame,
To lull my wearied soul to rest—
My passions to subdue and tame,
While far as searching eye can gaze
Above or on each side around,
Nought greets the eye but pleasant sights,
Or greets the ear but rural sounds.

I love to hear the rippling rill
Sound forth its low and gentle strain,
It soothes the heart and bears away
All thoughts of worldly care or pain:
My mind by inspiration then
Is overpowered with silent awe—
My restless spirit sinks to rest
Mid happy scenes my fancies draw.

I love to greet the rising moon,
When it appears with rapid pace,
And seems to lift the veil of night
From off Dame Nature's smiling face.
I love to watch his rapid strides,
As if in haste to greet the Sun
Ere yet he'd "paled his rays" and set,
Ere yet his daily work was done.

I love to feel the heavenly dew
That gently falls at twilight's hour
Alike on distant fields and lawns
And on each lovely, shutting flower.
I love to hear at eventide,
The busy hum of labor cease
And see the laborer worn with toil
With happy heart, recline at ease.

'Tis pleasant then beyond compare
To stray to some loved lonely spot,
Where daily toils and strifes and cares
Can for a season be forgot,
Where feathered songsters warble forth
Their merry notes, as fades the light,
And there to see the busy world
Bid tired nature sweet, "Good Night."

Hudson, June, 2, 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

BY E. W. REYNOLDS.

NOT in the shock of battle,
Not in the Empire's fall,
Did Macedonia's monarch
Embrace the "cloak and pall."
The star of all his glory,
Set in a distant land,
His sword and spear and helmet,
Were buried in the sand.

The Prince of Macedonia,
'Came Prince of all the East,
His courser—men and courtiers
Were welcomed to the Feast.
There in the gates of Babylon
The songs of vict'ry rose,
And 'round were strewn the banners
Taken from his foes.

The great, imperial banner,
That flapped o'er many a field,
And from Granicus to Idus,
Was never made to yield—
Was placed behind the diadem
That shone with burnished gold,
And the tale of many a tempest,
In blood and foam well told.

The pond'rous spear all gleaming
With gold and purple stars,
And stained with blood and crimson,
Supplied by many wars—
Was placed upon the Imperial
Was revered by the crowd,
For the proud kings of Persia
To that dread steel had bowed.

The burnished sword and buckler
Was at the monarch's hand—
Those weapons oft had followed
O'er many a conquered land.
Ah! they were nigh the chieftain
In many a bloody fray,
And now they were to witness
That proud chieftain's last day.

The songs and shouts of victory,
Rise o'er that palace grand,
As when the monarch conquered
On India's burning sand.
But hush! The shout is silenced,
For on the ground doth lie,
The fated of Macedonia—
Ah! gasping on his side!

How did the chieftain perish?
Go to the wine that's red,
And by the tale ah! cherish
Thoughts on the mighty dead.
He who defied the tempest,
The whirlwind and the brine,
Was overcome and conquered—
By the red cup of wine!

Cuba, Allegany Co. N. Y. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

THE BIRDS.

SWEET songsters of the sunny hours,
Of bright and azure wing,
We greet them to our northern bowers,
The harbinger of Spring.

Ye come like well remembered friends,
In spring's bright joyous time,
And sing your sweetest melodies,
And notes e'en most divine.

Within the forest's silent dell,
Amid the sheltering trees,
I hear the song I love so well,
Float on the morning breeze.

Where the golden sunlight falls
Upon each glittering stem,
We hear their silvery voices,
Sound through the silent glen.

In the stillness of the evening hour,
When twilight gathers round

They break the silence of the ear
With sweet harmonious sound.

Amid the morning's glistening dew
Or in the hush of even
They sing on though the misty clouds
Obscure the light of Heaven.

The birds, the birds, who loveth not,
To hear their cheerful songs
When dying zephyrs gently float
Their music to prolong.

How sweetly sounds each silvery tone
At the silent close of day,
When contemplation's peaceful hour,
Drives busy cares away.

Nelson, N. Y. 1845.

E. H. H.

The oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 21, Commencing Aug. 31, 1844.

EACH NUMBER EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

Price \$1—Clubs from 50 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the Twenty-First Volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday the 31st of August, 1844.

The character and design of the Rural Repository being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but, we are induced to submit to the public two paragraphs containing condensed extracts from notices of the "Repository," published in various Journals, throughout the United States, in the room of praising ourselves as some are under the necessity of doing.

"The 'Rural Repository' is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued 'the even tenor of its way,' scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil 'long time ago.'

"It is devoted to Polite Literature, and no where in the United States, is it excelled for neatness of typographical execution, or in appropriate and useful selections. As an elegant specimen of letter-press printing it stands without a rival, and it may be said, in truth, to be a specimen of the 'art preservative of all arts.' It has outlived many a flaunting city rival, 'Mirrors,' and 'Gems,' and 'Caskets,' (gaudy as butterflies, and about as long lived,) and now if the 'Repository' does not out-live the last novelties, it will survive them, and charm many a reader after their titles are forgotten. Its columns are filled with agreeable and interesting miscellany, well calculated to interest and instruct the young of both sexes; and the good taste and discrimination of its editor is evinced, in the total exclusion of those long and pointless productions which lumber up the columns of the 'mammoth' sheets of New-York and Philadelphia. In short, we know of no Journal of similar character, better calculated to cheer and enliven the family circle.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, containing twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. One or more engravings, and also a portrait of some distinguished person, will embellish each number; consequently it will be one of the neatest, cheapest, and best literary papers in the country.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th volumes, and any one sending for the 21st volume, can have as many copies of either of the volumes as they wish, at the same rate.

Clubs! Clubs!! Clubs!!!

All those who will send us the following amounts in one remittance, shall receive as stated below, viz:

FIFTY	Copies for \$25.00	Twenty	Copies for \$13.00
Forty	do. \$22.00	Fifteen	do. \$10.00
Thirty-Five	do. \$20.00	Ten	do. \$7.00
Thirty	do. \$18.00	Seven	do. \$5.00
Twenty-Four	do. \$15.00	Four	do. \$3.00

To those who send us \$5.00, we will give the 18th Volume, (gratis) and for \$7.00, their choice of either the 18th or 19th Volumes; for \$10.00, the 18th and 19th Volumes; for \$13.00, their choice of two out of the 18th, 19th and 20th Volumes; and for \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.00, and \$25.00, the whole three Volumes.

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription, to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.
Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1844.